

Maestro Insana's Room XIII

Shhh! The Maestro is hiding in the closet.
They're trying to dun him for two month's rent.
He's nothing left of course. All the valuable
Books have been sold. There's only the score
Personally (how else?) autographed by both
Verdi and Manzoni. No not the Requiem,
Not even a Verdi score, but a cheap aria
Sung at La Scala by his late beloved father.
Sung when the Maestro was still a young
And apple-mouthed lad. Eventually, it will
Depart with the rest and the bills will be paid.
For awhile. Then it's back to the closet again.

Maestro Insana's Room XVII

I do not remember whether it was hot or cold outside
That night. I believe it was warm. It doesn't really
Matter. I was too weary of the flesh to care,
Too full of the wine of life (draft beer) to worry
About details. But I do remember standing outside
The Pick-Congress Hotel on Michigan Avenue and pointing
Up to the seventh floor of the Fine Arts Building,
Where a bedlam of madness did take place
And a fellow named Maestro Insana occupied
(When no one was looking) Room 713. If he sues,
Marvin, I plan to deny everything.

Maestro Insana's Room XIX

There is no clock upon the wall
To stroke the hours. No metronome
Upon the piano to tick away in time.
When time is measured by the number
Of trips to the washbasin; when life
Consists of clearing one's throat
And spitting profoundly into a sink
As though it really mattered;
There definitely is no point at all
In having a clock around.
When tunes are measured by what
Might have been, a metronome
Is not the least bit necessary.

— Oliver Haddo

Milwaukee, Wisconsin